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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Meyer's Cure.

Tread thoughtfully the cemetery, traveller,
No matter week of sin commends the view—
Nature has reigned in loveliness upon here
And all are a touching presence of you.
Those halls in time seem wonderful and new;
But there sit none to welcome the delayed thing.
Born but to know and to lose the glow.
Whether that from age to age we roll,
Nor know the royal flight of time's unwearied wing.

Here, feeling that time art tipped's dream.
Those marble memories with history of ages past,
And gaze, while floating down life's barred stream,
On works of God unquestionably cast.
In forms imperishable here rapid, upbear
At giant shapes that meet thee at the win.
In structure dignity entwined
By sentiment of gradual decay.
Disarming thanks down from category of clay.
What mighty columns! vast cuspidous domes!
How tower those pride in bituminous mine!
Behold the traces of dome of Saint Peter's
And here in grander mood in heaven it plays
Where rolls ocean chrome chiming with the lyre.
No! music dwells not in its sky dell.
Stupendous, awful, deep, dark mysteries,
As if some Heaven blest had swept the vale
And chilled to marble cold the torrents in they fell
Ever rushed since they say in mourning trend.
By climb some mighty pyramid afar
Or seek the mouldering city of the dead
To read its records by the evening star—
Each step shall tell of time's relentless war
Its grandest monuments of earth.
But here thou canst not trace his handling car
In vain. All things here are still the same.
As from the hand of God completely formed they came

Or shut thee room to man those wonders ever.
In search of treasure vast that lie concealed
Know they were fashioned ages long of year.
And eloquently tell the tale of time.
Changeless themselves, the brief existence see
Measured by them, contrasted by the span
And from those centres where the echoes die
Learn the deep wisdom of the mighty plan.
That asks intelligence beyond the ken of man.

Now on the knees of sweetener adore
The power eternal, the unchanging God
Whose silent, secret empires, long before
The first faint dawning of created mind
Had on the shapes of universal nature shined
Some deep impressions of divinity
And those who will may read them; may at last
Some potent voice of past eternity
May from this silence speak, its eloquence to thee

J. A. W

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Forest Vocals.

Sull doth the dove murmur what present voices.
With simple lute—devoid of vain parade,
Yet master of the softest, wildest strain.
Hath lost this cause to watch the forest shade

Here let me rest awhile. Beneath this bough.
That bends with silver leaves the weeping dead.
My youthful, wandering steps have long my now.
Passed o'er the desert's dusty road.

I recharged on book, save that the wild career
Of wanton shoots this rude scene hath insisted.
No more which my thoughts have turned here.
A childish contemplation held my mind.

For, since I sometimes left the neighboring glade
Alone to tread this cool and unfrequented way.
Sometimes behind the jungled land delayed.
To watch the gross pigeon's flight.

Hest, happy lot was his who here in land
In sweet repose beneath the shadowed sky.
Was free to wander where his fancy led.
Or lay and listen to the wood-dove's cry.

Yet well I can remember now the tale.
Which I had read one of those days.
For, though of Heaven her virtues shall no fail.
On earth she'd need a rod and cannot be with y.

He faithless man deserted, her trembling ear
Soon heard the hoarsest words that quickly wound.
The vows changed, and the vows were never fear.
Her soul resigned each hope of earthly good

What need to tell her love? Such a sentence sweet
Soon made her leave the scene of hapeful pains
And in this lonely wood, larger around.
The path-bound had her and remained.

Some friendly hand now broke the grassy grow.
Lamenting deeply such cruel deeds.
Even there the sweet flowers and tender hue is more
The memory of that grave which lights the tomb
And still, though time hath had the flight of years.
Since here, a child, I once was wont to come.
The same sensations arose memorial tears.
Of their overlooking as a token to come
Well might my youthful heart in musing dwell.
Upon the mournful interest, on that simple lore.
And wish that even home hath might tell.
Through what the thorns had passed ere virtue rose.
What cureth life, by whom, here or opposed.
Some death through virtue's cheer shall grant release!
The vow—the vow! Oh! that was true.
In hope of future and eternal peace.

N. W.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Festival of the Church.

BY Q. OSBORN, OF SALEM, NEW JERSEY.

It is Christmas day—I am in the Church of God—the service has commenced. Mingled emotions of joy and sadness pervade my bosom. Memory flies back to the remembrance of happier days. I wander the woodbine and bound upon those walls grew wild in their native haunts. Today they are made the emblems of the living Vine, of that gospel of which a heavenly sword cleaned from yonder pulpit. They remind me that darkness dwindled and flown over every day this day the Saviour of mankind appeared upon our earth. That the "Star of Bethlehem" then first shed its hallowed light upon a benighted and sinful world.

What a throng of spirit-stirring events has intervened between that period and the present hour. How mighty has been the change in the world, in Bethlehem upon those events. The glory of God has been revealed in all its dazzling brilliance to man. A world has been redeemed and delivered from the power of sin, becoming businessmen, the tortures and death of its Redeemer. The rich promises of the "Most High" have descended, in golden streams, upon the nations of His beloved Son. In that space, the cup of man's iniquity overflowed, and Heaven's mercy, alike overflows.

Verily! that long internal has been one of continued and fiery trial to the human heart. Its noblest virtues, and its darkest passions have been tendered into fearful ordeal. The light of Heaven, and the darkness of hell have mingled in the conflict, and alternately reigned in the mortal breast. The Lord and the dungeon have been opposed by the spirit of misery and toleration. The cause of the human race, and the power of the enemy have contended hosts without number to the throne of the Most High. Nations has been scarred against nations in cruel conflict. Cities have been destroyed by the human blood. All the energy and ingenuity of man, aided by his power and his wealth, his love, his hate, his life, have been brought into opposition to the spirit of the heavenly ray from Bethlehem. Yet despite the obstructions in its course, that Star has steadily advanced towards its culminating point. Every morn, it hurries over the mountain, and seems to chase the night upon the battle he or teaching.

There are some events in the recital of which language may be made the faithful vehicle of thought. But it is not so when the mind seeks to grapple with the attributes of divinity—with its immutable purity—with the astounding and miraculous intermingling of the God with the man; of the fruition of humanity with the glorious perfections of the Godhead. Then words become inadequate to the full expression of its conception. Then it is that language fails to embody the lofty aspirations of the soul, and the towering pride of intellect is subdued by an humiliating sense of its incapacity to give to its own creations a palpable form.

There is truly a surpassing sublimity and grandeur in the whole theme of the "Incarnation." Without a ray of inspiration from Him who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with the living coal it is given to no mortal to penetrate its height or its depth. The accumulated pageantry of wars, the glare and glitter of their most successful ambition, could but a faint light, when contrasted with the pure and enduring splendor of that narrative, which speaks of the transformation of the Omnipotent Author of the universe, into the person of the stricken and despised Jesus of Nazareth. Man's achievements, like the meteor, are the emblem in the moment of their birth, away, and leave the spectator to muse, empty hearted, upon their evanescence. But the story of the unwearied patience and sufferings of Jesus is written upon the Creator's own enduring records, and will survive, in its original freshness, when time shall be merged in eternity.

The offer of salvation therein tended to man, when accepted in meekness and sincerity, or the only unfailing fountain in the desert—and can shed a balm on their lot, a higher and purer existence. It serves as a talisman to its hopes. It fills to overflowing the void which previously existed there, and renders the heart, which in its superstitious rote mockingly realizes of bloodshoes and grace.

Those wreaths of evergreen, the earnest but affectionate appeals from the speaker to yonder pulpit, constitute the most important epoch in the calendar of all past time. The advent, and its accompanying circumstances, what were they?

The world then groped lonely on rome. The glare of bored had departed forever. The light of the old dispensation flickered faintly in its expiring socket. Of the hundreds of millions who then peopled the earth, a few pious shepherds, a few godly men, scattered here and there throughout Judea, were all that observed in purity and sincerity of faith the worship of the one true God. Idolatry spoke known to Moses until the thunders of Sinai. The Temple at Jerusalem had become an haunt for money changers. The proud Pharisee aspired to the office of the Levite, and vain and empty splendor were substituted for the spiritual sublimity and grandeur of previous worship. The consecrated halls of Judea, among which the ark of the covenant had rested, were become the witnesses of the most unholy orgies. The solemn and lone trockery of the "Most High." Prophetic inspiration had ceased with Malachi, and the spirit of living God no longer breathed communion with man.

The power of heathen Rome reached to the uttermost bounds of the civilized world; and Roman Pollytheism following in the train of the Roman conquests, planted its polished throne upon every conquered soil. Jerusalem Rodana, and the gentile theology of Olana, held in chains the known world. Art, science, and literature, were its marks and stones. And, perhaps, our own Ancient, then held in slight of the Roman power, was already existed in the temples of Palmyra, of Copan, and of Uxmal.

Portland, but more terrible than profound, was the spiritual gloom of that hour. It hung like the brass curtain of night upon our globe. The Almighty, in despair, seemed about to calling back upon the world the last race of His fingers, and leaving the soul of man to grope, unaided, in Eternal shadows. Suddenly a voice of the angels of glory in running back upon the midnight air. It is from Heaven. The Saviour has come; and the Angels are holding their chorus in the skies. A ray of unexpected glory is beaming upon the "City of David." The Holy Mother is watching the manger. It is the close of the year. Christ—the Christ—is born in the greatest day that ever dawned upon Earth. For upon it the mightiest and most stupendous of all miracles was enacted! the Creator of Heaven became His own creature.

How opposite to human expectation was the coming of the Messiah. Though His blood had been sketched forth by the predictions of a long line of holy men and prophets, by the all glorious eye of a new Dispensation, it was not to be ushered in, as the lives of mankind, by temporal powers and splendor. The "Son of Man" came not to flatter the worldly pride and vanity of men. The Giver of every good and perfect gift came in the glare or glittering shadows of Earth. He came, it is true, in pomp and splendor, but which is long past, more and beautiful doctrine that ever illuminated the mind of man," but he came as the humblest of men. The Well Beloved—the Almighty Father, and heavenly in His balance the wealth and honors of the Universe, he condescended to become the child of poverty, and to be cradled in a manger.

Well may the devout Christian be lost in astonishment when he contemplates the unexpressible sublimity of that scene. He who might have come in the strong Angel, over our Earth, cognizing all things in the Heavens and in the Earth, and in the Hell, as the Messenger of peace and joy and glad tidings to mankind.

It was only by the sublime and touching spectacle of God laying aside His omnipotence, and becoming Himself, for a time, to the pains of humanity, that the iron heart of man could be softened, and his stubborn nature bowed down in the dust. Nothing less, without the achievement of a magnificent succession of miracles by that God, and in the gust and character of the despised Nazarene, could have been made down the idolatry of the times, and firmly planted the doctrine of man's redemption in its place.

All other means had failed, and astonishing to relate, the fool-hardy brutality still yielded himself up to the unbounded dominion of sin. Nothing but the wonder and the glory upon those walls grew wild in their native haunts. Today they are made the emblems of the living Vine, of that gospel of which a heavenly sword cleaned from yonder pulpit. They remind me that darkness dwindled and flown over every day this day the Saviour of mankind appeared upon our earth. That the "Star of Bethlehem" then first shed its hallowed light upon a benighted and sinful world.

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Adaptation of the Times

To the Display of Genius.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Many men have lived in all ages of the world whose genius seems that both from its lacking place to illumine the darkness of their own times, and to increase if not make the materials for future deeds.—within the compass of the knowledge of every contemplative and intelligent student, but alas! the circumstances which encompassed them, never called forth those sleeping energies, which were destined to accomplish so much and to exert such a powerful influence upon the intellectual interests of our own time, have be smothered, in part, to the concerns unlimited that mental culture will be a vain—the future offering the hope of wearing the wreath of laurel or even reaching the summit of Fame's high temple. We consider that thing a delusion, is embraced as an axioms as it is unfortunate. It may not then, be improper to remark upon the adaptation of the Times to the display of Genius.

Does the literary aura seek encouragement to stimulate his progress in such labors? He has manifold incentives to vigorous and unremitting effort. The latest has been repeatedly thrown to us by the nations of the Old World, that our Government, by an very nature, is adverse to the cultivation of literary taste. We are led, however reluctantly, to confess that the charge has not been refuted. It will never be, till her sons—armed with the consciousness of a lofty cause, give unceasing effort with earnest patience to effect the blessed aim attached to our national fame. What motive can be more powerful? It appeals to every feeling in the heart—to honor, to ensuring affection, for the land which gave us birth—for what more praiseworthy? It is no ignoble occupation to sustain the honor of one's country. Compared with this, ambition, emigration, all sinks into nothingness. The conflict is not to elevate self merely; if it were so, our might at his own hazard; fold his arms in indolent indifference; but it is higher and nobler aim—the vindication of Republican truth from charge of hostility to literary pursuits. But will such attainments, if acquired, ever be exhibited? Every thing in propitious; a disposition to reward merit is manifest. The learned are regarded as deserving of public praise; their researches are no visible, that none the less valuable information and the hand of friendship are ready to guide them in their design and aid them in their progress.

Again: None attribute the neglect of Literature to the absence of the requisite and its institutions. It is unsurprising to comment this position, all must admit that were we are pressing rapidly onto manhood. And what is the result? Is there not a vast number of complacents which have hitherto retarded the development of mind until now. The nation is populous—the works of national enterprise partially completed—and consequent expire much of the spirit of speculation, so unwise. Nothing awaits the progress of the Science but public favor; no pretentious clouds hang about his pathway, but a sunshine of success, darkling even as the beams of the bright luminary of day.

Passing from men of literature, to there not a rich field for the orator and statesman. We are told that the great spirits of the age, will never appear again on the persons of others, that even if they are possessed, they can never be developed.

The Roman Orator stood at a period congenial with his spirit. Ardent, bold and impetuous, his eloquence was commensurate to his own native fervor. His appeals to other powerful and convincing, inflamed the spark already kindled to the vigor of foreign oppression, and aroused to indignation the Citizen. Anxious for Rome's fame, the period was—rich as to call forth successfully the eloquence of the soul, with oppression to dominate, and liberty to excite. Yet has not the orator a field for now? It was the destiny of the great Virginian to erect the proud fabric by exhorting his countrymen to successful arms. It is the fate of the Carolinian to preserve it as we succeed it—pure and unsullied. Then it was of momentous importance that it should be reared, now it is of equal importance that it should be defended. It rude assaults are made to scale its walls, or to hurling on us to drive off the invaders; and there are not a few that would storm the gate of entrance, and that insinuate themselves designing to undermine gradually the pillars of liberty. There must be watchmen on the tower, else the insidious foe, once in the vitals of the nation, will finally effect its dissolution.

The immortal Washington united the virtues of the man and the qualifications of the soldier with the abilities of the statesman. Such an union, some may say, was calling for the genius of the times; but it is not so change, and the responsibilities of the trusts reposed in him. Time those seemed but to exhibit the more the energies of a great mind. Is it surprising that he was the great model of character? And if successful in attaining but partially his attributes, surely there will be a reward for a nobler, but earnest.

It belonged to Washington to direct the abandoned energies of a bewildered nation, to extricate them from the fetters of an opulent empire. After a bitter struggle success attends him. In peace, all proclaimed him again leader. Amid the general exultation, he was not blind to the dangers, and there discovered among the subjects, he guided the ship of state safely through the storm which beset her path, and while others were on the wing the bark, shattered indeed by a dense wind, but the more trustworthy by having endured their violence. Now no war offers the prospect of displaying the elements of the soldier, but it requires genius in intellect, and no man will to crush the conspiracies now endeavoring to rent in fragments the fair fabric reared by Washington. The qualifications as beliefs studding through the land threaten to sap the foundation of the system every now emergency. The seditious and designing are daring, and will dare to exalt themselves to honorable posts, and that, too, by the influence of the people. Such is the case—examples are numerous as Proteus did, in stealing in space and tainting every object with its infection. Here, then, is a single friend. The real enthusiast must be called upon the spirit that animates him has taken too fire a hold ever to be rooted out. The officers of trust must be confided to those only who have capacity and fidelity. The adroitness of vice and the beauty of virtue must be contrasted, and now exhorted to show the one and exile the other. If the results are ever attainable, the orator and virtue must be the prevailing traits of character. But, lest the prospect of engaging in the conflict still more mental activity such as well be able to counteract men of error, and provide a remedy, and assuredly it is no light task to grapple with the monstrosity of vice, and rushing within their bosoms deadly rapiers, at every successive instant infusing their poison—and reasonably, too, for it scarcely seems possible to be insensible to their presence. It needs a vigilant eye and a keen discrimination to discern the express of the seditious monsters, but a power grasping quality and resolution to bring her down, and finally planted the doctrine of man's redemption in its place.

All other means had failed, and astonishing to relate, the fool-hardy brutality still yielded himself up to the unbounded dominion of sin. Nothing but the wonder and the glory upon those walls grew wild in their native haunts. Today they are made the emblems of the living Vine, of that gospel of which a heavenly sword cleaned from yonder pulpit. They remind me that darkness dwindled and flown over every day this day the Saviour of mankind appeared upon our earth. That the "Star of Bethlehem" then first shed its hallowed light upon a benighted and sinful world.

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Original Novel.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Ringwood the Rover.

A Tale of Florida.

BY W. W. HIDDIST, AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE ROBBERS," &C.

CHAPTER XI.

At the grand dinner upon the succeeding splendid. Tavern was a tall, dark figure creep out with rat-like stealthy tread from beneath the verandah of the large building nearest to the sea, and, keeping itself with great care inside the darkest shadows, drag itself cork by inch toward the stone bastion at the right hand terminus of the building. The figure she clearly saw the point assumed stalking his solitary round upon the rampart, the long bright barrel of his shouldered fusee glancing like silver on the moonlight. At first she gazed with simple wonder, wholly unmixed with curiosity, at the intruder, upon the movements of the dark shadow that seemed evidently so far to mould her destiny. Immediately, it struck her with the speed of light that his was a well known form, that she had seen it in one of the lecturers, all hitherto forgotten, flashed on her—the name Antonio!—the voice, now well remembered of the unseen messenger—the dark form of the Rover—the stealthy gaze, the treated guise and hunter of her loved Ananda! She now stunned all her ears, her heart, her spirit, to catch the slightest sound, not doubting for a moment that ere long she would be set free, whether by death or rescue—while she had been engaged, brief as they were, in such meditations, the form of the sentinel had disappeared from the face of the dark gliding figure; and when she turned her eyes round the spot, it was no longer visible. Then was awful silence—the night, almost sentinel no longer paced the bastion, although his comrade could be heard at the opposite angle—not a single near the sally-port, by which Torres had gained entrance, at the farther end of the house. Suspecting, more than ever, now that something was on the point of happening, she gazed yet more intently, yet nothing might she see of him, whom she believed, with all the confidence of youth and inexperience, to be a friend and rescuer within the private's child. Tired at length with watching the long line of vacant ramparts, she looked again toward the sleeping soldier, and he she fell to see that the dark shadow of the rawdon and trench she saw a coal black figure leap, with the lither and muscular action of a panther, upon the sentinel. In the flash of a moment, the pirate—something bright flashed once or twice aloft in the clear moonlight, and the struggle was ended in a single instant. The figure of the sentinel was seen no more—still, however, she could distinguish the active victim to his swift sweet foe.

A moment more, and the victor had donned the sentinel's dress, and was seen to march with a slow and bodily traversing the whole line of the esplanade, stopping and changing done for a moment at two of the sentries, with a faint clanking sound heard indistinctly from the distance, gave note, even to the inexperienced ear of Emma, that the relief was approaching. Another moment more, and the sentinel was seen to march with a slow and bodily traversing the whole line of the esplanade, stopping and changing done for a moment at two of the sentries, with a faint clanking sound heard indistinctly from the distance, gave note, even to the inexperienced ear of Emma, that the relief was approaching. Another moment more, and the sentinel was seen to march with a slow and bodily traversing the whole line of the esplanade, stopping and changing done for a moment at two of the sentries, with a faint clanking sound heard indistinctly from the distance, gave note, even to the inexperienced ear of Emma, that the relief was approaching.

Upon the instant, though she had been by his side yet she had not observed all movements of alarm, Reginald Ringwood was already rushing to his full swade, and in the clearest accents of her nature—she found—he stood upon the platform of the keep, and no lesser than the Governor himself, any other man to mark our portion of the parole that on the night before, Ringwood had observed, and the sentinel whose place he had left to him. The invaders, as yet knew not, it would seem, whether they were discovered, and the sentinel, in the dress of the pirate, was so much like that the exterior works were all untenable already, and knowing that his only hope of making good the citadel was to keep the sentinel's post, he stood upon the platform the great barracks, resolved to turn this brief motion to advantage. Before the two barracks had roused them from their slumbers, and were ready to the fight, and the large cannon, had wheeled it round upon the pivot—his coolness task for any sought was, how payment it might be—had pointed it upon the great barracks, longest and vast, and, lighting a match instantly from the lamp in his hand, had discharged it on the fire. A loud bright flame shot out into the bosom of the night, a cloud of smoke volume was drawn before it, and a roar, like that of some sudden thunder clap, shook the strong tower to its base, and declared for an instant every ear that heard it. Before its echoes had subsided, before the Spaniards, in wonder, surprised, (to the longest moment striking the great sound) mid-slept, had cut her maintenant by the hand carrying with it all the mines they had poured at their unerring hands, the Rover's ringing sword rose in the air, and, with the signal of recall, was heard by the awakened pirates, who rushed half dressed, their weapons in their hands from the rear of the building to enter the fortress.

"Pluto and Clanton, away both of ye, down to the sentinels with speed, either of you the nearest, holding it well in hand in the while, to admit no fellows from the barrack; but see ye let not the Spaniards enter!" You fear the sudden confusion, and the sleepy wonder that then ran it out again—me that you keep the loved—so, well done, Clanton—now fire!" And with the words, upon the lustrous the stunning roar—So, cheerily brave hearts—light it thus 'till the great cannon go down—then where is the next, and rush just likewise!" And so became the inner ramparts. Ha! Hello, my sweet girl," he cried, as she came forth in disarray—"down to your bower, my love, and fright you! For, Gad, had I known our visit were come already?" and with the words he darted down the stairway, and reached the sally-port just as the bastion, had ceased, scattered and disorganized, as it seemed, into the deep wet floor. Then! then! her very soul on the alert, for she had seen and heard enough of warfare to know that the instant they had found out the deception of a moment, after the Rover's unexpected shot, the Spanish would rush in one mass of fierce fury, and then—then her very bones would have moved into the clustered buildings of the prison, before they were yet well aloof, so that the struggle would be over—the fight done, and the day rushed out. Dim Amadis wheeled his two hundred more garrisons into a line upon their flank, poured in a shatter-ing volley upon their astonished ranks, and with the word on hand with his Castilian troopers, and all his Indian volunteers. Darkness alone saved any from destruction, and of so many of the hundred soldiers, there so many alone had remained on the lines, scarcely a hundred could have been entered, with perhaps fifty more, wounded, and which, indeed were true, if the Spaniards had not risen the guns, even at the rate of one man to a cannon. Still the more hateful was the sight to the unconquered genius of the Rover, with such rare tact, and skill, meaning each gain alone as were most useful, that until day light he was resolved not merely to repel the attacks of parties, but to beat them quite back from his lines with fearful slaughter—three times he rallied, and each time he beat back his every man unharmed, leaving the ground which he had traversed piled high with carnage, and reeking with hot gore. Meantime the black cross of the key, piled the long cannon with double charges, as every bullet plunging into the central cities of the 'all Spaniards, and well sustained commanding against the pirate barracks, until not a stick or stone of them stood upon a stone, and the ruins, perish buries, we that, at last the Governor himself, and the Rover, and even he could not restrain the fury of the Spaniards, and they rushed in one mass of fierce fury, and then—then the Rover, and all the English girl stroke at the nearest enemy—one good honor blood, and the Spaniards were who shot it drop-geared, and fell headlong! but ere he struck the earth, ten pike heads bare the lowly bosoms of that frail faithful girl. As she had spoken, so she died! She died with him whom she would not survive! their life-blood mingled, so the hunted out but last sigh on his mangled breast—and one loud bold their hallowed air Torres's bubbling, when the fierce rage of war was over, a lamb next roused by that calm moon, over the lovely Bella, and the great English Buccaneer.

Long did Torres remain—long did she weep her brother and her father; yet her tears ceased at length to flow, as her heart found her respect to her young convent's ardent wooing; and, when they sailed together from the wild shores of Florida, for their dear Spanish home, the faithful slave Caramanta followed her mistress' footsteps, and many a time and often in after days and a far land, they shed a pitying tear for the kind hearted English girl, and half mistook the dawning, even while they blamed the sins, of Ringwood the great Rover!

The Touching Reproof.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Here, Jane," said a father to his little girl not over eleven years of age, "go over to the shop and buy me a pint of brandy."

At the same time he handed her a quarter of a dollar. The little girl took the money, and looking up at her dad so, looked her father in the face with an earnest, sad expression. But he did not seem to observe it, although he perceived it, and felt it; for he understood, in a moment, the little girl lingered, as if reluctant, for some reason, to go on her errand.

"Did you hear what I said?" the father asked angrily, and with a frowning brow, as he observed this.

Jane started at the time she was sent over to the shop, hiding, as she passed through the street, the bottle under her apron. There she obtained the liquor, and returned home with it as quickly as she could. Her mother met her at her father, she looked at him again with the same sad, earnest look, and observed. It annoyed and angered him.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way? Ha!" he said, in a loud, angry tone.

Jane shrank away, and passed into the next room, where her mother lay sick. She had been sick for some time, and as they were poor, and her husband given to drink, she had custom and privation added to her bodily sufferings. As her little girl came in she went up to the side of her bed, and looked kindly upon her for a few minute and they had been concealed in the dark house of a labyrinth to tastiness and dense, that scarcely could the keen instinct of an Indian have traced their fly-ing footsteps! But at the very moment when they crossed the lower, and climbed its landward face, five or six Spaniards appeared on the ground to the stone bastion, discovered them! how they shot watches, levelled their long bright barrelled harquebuseer, and a sharp rolling followed! These balls struck Ringwood, his left arm fell to his side shattered by one bullet—and was in place of some dead friend behind, but he could not feel and despair; but when he rushed toward her, and aimed his delicate arm in his strong iron grasp, she sent forth a long distance yelling shriek, so awfully acute, so full of fear that pausing for above the blended roar of musquetry and cannon, rapier and sword, and yells of the assailants, above the clang of axes piled fast and furiously against the portal of the keep, it reached the ears of the besiegers, and struck to their very hearts, one fire to their hearts. Yet though the gate was crashing even now, and wavering beneath their blows—yet had they not cease all but to—for the love of her round the friend, their Spanish, and youthful energy, all high emblematic value—young Amadis Ferry—and close to his heels, with his long grey locks flowing about his face and shoulders, and his antique steel panoply all bound with the blood-stains of many a fierce conflict, and proofs of many a victory, Gutierrez, Sanchez, and Diego, and fifty more holdgoes of Castile, with their high hearts aflame for deadly vengeance.

Forth leaped young Amadis, the foremost—his foot was on the plank already—the cry of triumph ringing wildly from his lips—when almost the same moment the cargo, when he stooped down to remove the plank had not had by his enthusiasm, and the great Rover fired. Well might he do so, for well he many—Amadis, his foster-father—had it been steel of any foreign city, he had been spent that moment; for both balls took effect at once in his little breast. But the nerve nerveless—nerve seemed to think that she was overburdened. How cheerfully would all have been done, if her father's strides had only fallen like sunshine upon her heart! But that boy, into which her eyes looked so often and so anxiously, and still all seemed cold and dreary there. It was the same home that was adorning his family while seeking his own base gratification, and from procuring the evidence of his evil works stamped on all things around him.

As Jane passed frequently through her mother's room during the morning, pausing always to look upon her sick mother, inclined to her by her hot skin, and anxiety request for cool water.

"I wish I had an orange," the poor woman said, as Jane came up to her bed-side for the twentieth time, "it would taste so good to me."

She had been thinking about an orange all the morning; and notwithstanding her efforts to drive the thought from her mind, the form of an orange would ever picture itself before her, and its grateful flavor was ever ready to thrill upon her taste. At last she uttered her wish—not so much with the hope of having it gratified, as from an involuntary impulse to speak out her desire.

There was not a single coin in the house, for the father rarely trusted his wife with money—he could not confide in her judgment—and, like a wounded lion

"Let me go and buy you an orange, mother," Jane said, with a countenance bright at once.

"I have no change, my dear; and if I had, I should not think it right to spend four or five cents for an orange, when we have so little. Get me a cool drink of water, that will be now."

Jane brought the poor sufferer a glass of cool water, and also drank it off eagerly. Then she lay back upon her pillow with a sigh, and her little girl went out to attend to the household duties that devolved upon her. Half of the while Jane thought about her mother, and how she should get it for her mother.

When her father came home for dinner, he looked cruster than he did in the morning. He sat down to the table and ate his dinner in moody silence, and then rose and left the house, scowling fearfully for a moment on his wife, or going into her chamber. As he stood looking at the door, he had already on his head. Jane went up to her mother, looking timidly in her face, and with a beaming voice—

"Mother wants an orange so bad. Won't you give me a penny to get her one?"

"No, I will not!" Your mother had better be thinking about something else than wanting money for oranges. It's time enough to get them when she's better, and shut the door hard after him.

Jane stood for a moment, frightened at the angry vehemence of her father, and then burst into tears. She said nothing to her mother of what had passed, but after the departure of her father had been stunned, began to cast about in her thoughts for some plan by which she might obtain an orange. At last it occurred to her, that as the shop where she got the brandy was near, they brought cage and old iron.

"How much do you owe a pound for rags?" she asked in a manner as one who has been accustomed to buy, and sell the English girl stroke at the nearest enemy—one good honor blood, and the Spaniards were who shot it drop-geared, and fell headlong! but ere he struck the earth, ten pike heads bare the lowly bosoms of that frail faithful girl. As she had spoken, so she died! She died with him whom she would not survive! their life-blood mingled, so the hunted out but last sigh on his mangled breast—and one loud bold their hallowed air Torres's

"Two cents a pound," was the reply.

"How much for old iron?"

"A cent a pound."

"What's the price of them oranges?"

"Four cents a piece."

cellar and locked up all the old bits of iron that she could find. Then she counted the coal, and found eight on the lower floor, and four in the cellar. Then she laid every in a little nook in the cellar. After-wards she gathered together all the old rags that she could find and stowed them with the coals, and then she felt that she could sleep.

Lucy was her father's only companion; he had been left out of the house by his wife, and he had taken to his daughter and loved her more than his life. Lucy was a child of fifteen, and had been married by her parents. She loved him with all the strength of her young heart. She loved him so much that she could not sleep when she was absent from him, and she could not eat when she was absent from him. She was overjoyed with her love which absorbed its every thought, and she was overjoyed with her father the depths of his heart, she could not find them. Sometimes she would look at him, and wonder if he was happy, and she would look at him, and wonder if he was sad, and she would look at him, and wonder if he was thinking of her.

It was summer time, and the sun shone brightly, and Lucy would have gone into the street to look for the old man, but then she could not stay and disappointed him. She would then go out and play, and the sweet sound her mother's voice, and the affectionate look and disappearing would be missed.

It was summer time, and the sun shone brightly, and Lucy would have gone into the street to look for the old man, but then she could not stay and disappointed him. She would then go out and play, and the sweet sound her mother's voice, and the affectionate look and disappearing would be missed.

"Oh, and get me a pint of brandy," he said to Jane, in a tone that sounded harsh and angry to the child, handing her at the same time a quarter of a dollar. Jane took the money, and taking a pint of brandy, and home but the bread could not like.

She took the quarter of the bottle, and went out into the street. Suddenly she looked at the tempting change in the window, so she gave the money for the liquor, and thought how glad her poor mother would be to have one.

As she was hurrying back, she met a thick ragged boy, who was crying. He looked at her, and kept on his way. It felt lonely and her heart bounded with the thought that now she could buy the orange for her mother. The piece of gold was in her hand, and she passed through. After her father had taken a draught he sat down to his supper. While he was eating, Jane went to the cupboard and took out into the yard her little treasure of sixpence. As she passed back-ward and forward she saw Jane looking wistfully at her father eat, he observed her, and felt a sudden compunction to know what she was doing. He went softly to the door and looked at them. For the moment kind or it was which she had placed in a little pile, into her apron. Then she rose up quickly, and passed out of the yard into the street.

The father went back to his supper, but his appetite was gone. There was that in the act of his child, she gave it to him, that touched his heart. He was moved. All at once he thought of the orange she had asked for her mother, and she had overlooked it. He was glad to think that Jane was going to eat the best she had evidently been collecting them for many days.

"How could I be such a wicked I am!" he said to himself almost involuntarily.

In a few minutes Jane returned, and with her hand full of halfpence, she went to the cupboard and put into her mother's chamber. An impulse, almost irresistible, caused him to follow her in a few moments after.

"Why, father, what do you want?" said Jane, looking up at the door.

On meeting his daughter, he found her doing just as he had called the orange, which Jane stood by her bed, looking into her face with an air of subdued, yet heartfelt gratification. All his love for his child returned, and he spoke to her; he pretended to be searching for some thing, which, apparently obtained, he left the room and left Jane, with feelings of acute pain and self-reproach long.

"Come, let us go and see these cold-water men," said a compassionate lady to her little girl, as they were dressed. "They are carrying all the world before them."

"Very well, come along."

And the two ladies and their steps toward Temperance Hall.

When little Jane's father turned from the door of that place, his name was signed to the pledge, and his heart fixed to abide by it. On his way home, he now some-times passed by the door of the wine vaults, the gaudy temple of ravages and lemons. When he came home he went into his wife's chamber, and opened the paper, and counted the first time. The sight of the money seemed had them before her, and said with tenderness, while the tenderness drowned his eyes—

"I thought there would taste good to you, Mary, and so I bought them."

"O William," said the poor wife started, and looked up into her husband's face with an expression of surprise and trembling hope.

"Mary!" said he, took her hand tenderly—"I have signed the pledge to-day, and I will keep it, by the help of Heaven!"

The sick wife raised herself up quickly, and bent over towards her husband, eagerly extending her hands. Then, as he drew his arm around her, she let her head fall upon his bosom, and wept aloud. Many years had not moved over the surface of her stricken heart for years.

The pledge taken was the total abstinence pledge, and it has never been violated by him, and what is better, we confident never will. How much of human happiness had happened in a single day of delight.—Temperance Advocate.

From the Ladies' Companion, for April.

The Sexton's Daughter.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

In the suburbs of a certain great metropolis, which need not be more precisely designated, and contiguous to one of the most populous districts, there is a spacious piece of ground, which about twenty years since, was covered sufficiently distant from the city to be entered as a place for a rural resort. Surrounded on every side by a high wall of solid masonry, it was only through the lofty iron gate which formed its sole entrance that the interior could be discovered, and the visitor, as he walked directly in a noble building in the centre of the square, and from the spot narrower paths diverged in all directions to the various parts of the burial ground. Trees of rapid growth had been planted with a view of picturesque beauty, and ornamental shrubbery was interspersed with the marble monuments which gleamed here and there amid the foliage. A rich green turf covered the land, and instead of the rank, coarse grass usually the growth of graves, each little hillock was overgrown with tufts of the beautiful and luxuriant moss-pink. Indeed, but for the current would like to see a which met the eye on every side, that verdant and sunny enclosure might have seemed like a private pleasure ground. The pretty, delightful edifice in the midst was appropriated to two very different purposes, for, while its lower, imposing portion was used as a chapel, where the religious services for the dead were performed by the humble interment, which nestled under the shadow of the tower, was the mansion of the sexton. It was a strange and lonely spot in which to build up a home, with the world of life thus shut out, and the accustomed dead lying around; nor can the most romantic imagination feel more than a momentary interest in the sexton's family, and wonder what it was that could be willing to dwell amid these melancholy memorials of mortality.

But the occupant of this quite abode had become too familiar with the grave to shrink from its proximity. For more than forty years Jame Mayberry had been a sexton, and cried a garden to other men, as was a grave-yard to him: for his own hands had planted there the noble trees which were to keep unnaturalized blossoms by the cross of the weary of eternal life. He was a man of undoubtedly temperament, with a face furrowed by many deep lines of thought—but at first sight of man, and a head whitened by the frosts of grief more than age. His pursuits had made him thoughtful and contemplative, but the habit of communing constantly with himself in the chambers of death, and the solemn presence of the king of terrors had early clouded the naturally fair fancy and the cheerful thought. Jame Mayberry was a silent and, as many supposed, a stern man. The early children looked on him with downcast notice, and wondered at his gloomy, if, after performing the worship the buoyancy of youthful spirits overcame the decorum of the place, they were instantly awed into the still-tongued man. His profession had made him silent, and his bereavements had made him sad, but his cold demeanour concealed a heart filled with warm affections and tenderness. Like all persons of his peculiar temperament, he possessed strong feelings, and perhaps the most acute sensibility to the beautiful. A flower planted within his bosom became immediately refined to overflow their bounds. But, one after another, the light of his love had been taken from him. Within the limits of that cemetery, in sight of the little window by which sat the sexton's daughter, were nine wooden, green hillocks, planted with fragrant flowers, and shaded by a spreading elm. There lay his gentle wife, who had sunk down in light to his eyes, and the fair child, whom reason had come been meant to his ear. Some of his children had died in early infancy, some in happier childhood, and one in the bloom of early youth. Last of all, the mother, the nicest mourner of the dead, joined the departed, and Jame Mayberry was left alone with his youngest son, who still lived. Who can wonder that the shadow of a mighty grief settled on the brow of the desolate old man? Who can wonder that the light of the countenance love with which he regarded this youngling of his flock, the only ruler of his former happiness?

But for different was the character of this cherished child. She was too young at the time of those afflictions to remember them with sadness, and never did a creature face or manner lend them fair's light up the quiet precincts of an humble home. It was a strange thing to see that fair creature sporting in all the joy of her young life amid the gloomy memorials which lay congenial the hideous form of death. A stranger, yet pleased and touched her cheerful song, an old wrinkle halted, as a man leaves on the gate which entered the grave of many a mouldering kinsman. Strangest of all seemed the smile of her merry laughter among the dark tree which

The Search Question.

By the last English estimate, we have received the letter of Lord Aberdeen, addressed to Mr. Everett, in answer to the communication despatched. We have also the sentiments of the present British ministry may be gathered. Lord Aberdeen refuses to make himself responsible for the acts of the late administration, and Lord Palmerston. He gives direct information, however, of the signing of the treaty by the Senate. Lord Aberdeen takes the ground that England has no right to search an American vessel, and that their cruisers have orders to board only in cases where there is strong reason that the vessel, sailing under the American flag, is using our flag without authority. The letter closes with the following:—

"In order to prove to Mr. Everett the anxiety of Her Majesty's Government to prevent all reasonable ground of complaint, the undersigned has given to the Admiralty better than to communicate to him the substance of those instructions under which the British cruisers are at present acting in the African seas, and which have been established in relation to them, and where applicants for admission to the schools were most numerous.

The strictest economy has been exercised by the Board. The unexpended balance on hand at the close of the current year, after the disbursement of all claims up to January 1st, 1842, was $47,544 13. Of the State appropriation of $48,285, received during the year from the Superintendent of Common Schools, Francis R. Shunk, Esq., $46,535 34, has been applied to the payment of real estate and the erection of school houses. The sum of $10,287 76 has also been expended for furniture and fixtures.

The number of teachers employed is 320, of whom 248 are females, and 81 males.

The aggregate of scholars is 18,510, being an increase of 1,000 compensation to each of 275. The number of children in the schools is 17,896.

There now note in the incorporated part of the district, 97 primary schools, with 3197 pupils; 11 secondary schools, with 3197 pupils; 19 grammar schools, with 6445 pupils, and one High School with 307 pupils. In the one section thereto are 93 schools with 6347 pupils; total number of schools, 144.

The total cost for the instruction (including the pupils of the High School) of 17,909 scholars being $110,256, the average cost of each scholar is $2 91, and the average annual expense of each scholar, not comparing the interest on investment in school houses and furniture, but taking in all other expenditure, has been during the past year, $5 16. At the expiration of the first year after the passage of the law of 1818, but about 2,000 children were in the schools, and now there are nearly 18,000 under instruction. The system had to contend with prejudices, against the old free school system, which made the unfortunate poor citizens a distinct class, separating them from their fellow citizens in their means and opportunities of education. Now the schools are really public. They are open to all citizens upon the payment of a small

SATURDAY POST.

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Postmasters are requested to remit their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please remit their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Postmasters are requested only at the end of the current half year to remit the names of the delinquents to the Department of Washington for dist.

Small Bank Notes or current Banks received on payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep remittances current. They should always give a name and time and No.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remittals must always state the Post office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Bank Note List.

BANK NOTE LIST,

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY MORNING POST,

BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS.

Philadelphia, April 23rd 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.	par
Philadelphia banks,	par
Merchants & Man. do	1 dis
Man. and Mer. do	10 do
Farmers & Mech. do	10 do
Penn Township bank	40 do
U. S Bank notes,	10 do
Girard do	10 do
Penna. do	10 dis
Delaware do	par
Delaware co. at Chester, par	
Chester co. at West Chester,	par
Montgomery do	par
Bucks co. at Doylestown,	par
Farmers & Drovers' Bank of Easton,	par
Northampton,	1-2 dis
Lancaster bank,	5 do
Farmers & Lancaster,	5 do
Lebanon,	10 do
Harrisburg,	5 do
Middletown,	5 do
Carlisle,	5 do
Cumberland Valley,	5 do
Northumberland,	10 do
Miners' bk at Pottsville,	10 do
Wy'g & Wilkesbarre,	15 do
Philipsburgh bank,	20 do
" Certificates,	5 do
" Post notes,	10 do
Towanda,	5 do
Erie,	10 do
Gettysburg,	5 dis
Chambersburg,	10 do
Westmoreland bank,	10 do
" demand notes,	10 do
Brownsville bank,	5 do
" demand notes,	10 do
Erie,	10 do
Bruke county bank,	10 do
Meadville,	10 do
Bk Susquehanna co	10 do
Lancaster,	10 do
Lamb's bk Beaver,	20 do
West Branch bank	20 do
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	2 dis
Georgetown,	2 do
Farmers & Mechanics	2 do
Alexandria,	2 do
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Patriotic bank,	broke
Bank of Potomac,	broke
Merchant's bank,	broke
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Virginia & branches,	5 dis
Farmer's bk & branches,	5 do
Valley bk & branches,	5 do
Ex. bk & branches,	5 do
Wheeling,	10 dis
Northern Virginia notes,	5 do
OHIO	
Cincinnati	50 dis
Bank notes,	50 do
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois,	no sale
State bank,	no sale
INDIANA	
Notes,	12 dis
Exchange on New York	
Boston,	¼ ¼ dis
Baltimore,	¼ ¼ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	10 dis

News from Congress.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1842.

Since the intelligence I conveyed you, last week, up to Wednesday of the 13th instant, little of importance has transpired here.

The only matter is with mentioning on Wednesday was a motion, on the House by Mr. Adams, to strike out the appropriation for the Mexican Minister. The debate which sprung up, on this motion, gradually slid into the question of the admission of Texas. Mr. Wise was in favor of the retention of a Minister to Mexico. Mr. Slade was against the admission of Texas. Mr. Wise in favor of it. The debate was continued next day, when a spirited collision took place between C. J. Ingersoll and John Quincy Adams, in relation to the former's letter to Texas, discussed our position with regard to England, and said that on the few points wherein the two nations differed, England was in the wrong. To speak of war, and said that if the English burnt our towns we could burn theirs, &c. &c. He also went into the right of search, the case of the Creole, &c. Mr. Marvin replied to Mr. Adams replied with spirit. He deprecated the mission of war. During the debate he made a curious statement. He said that, in the Cabinet of Monroe, a proposition had been made to allow the right of search mutually on the African coast, for the term of sixteen years.—Mr. Calhoun being a member with other Southerners—was in favor of the measure, and John Quincy Adams, also a member of the cabinet, was opposed to it. It was agreed to accede to the offer. Canning, the English Secretary, told Rush, our Minister in London, to fill up the country on the blank space. The treaty, however, was send home, but, by that time, a party had arisen in Congress opposed to Monroe, and some allegation more made in the treaty. On learning this Canning refused to have any thing more to do with the treaty, since he had given our Minister *carte blanche*." Since then, however, the matter has been settled amicably.

The Loan is now nearly all taken up at home. Nothing of moment was done in the Senate. Mr. Conrad, however, of La, who succeeds Mr. Mouton, re-qualified and took his seat. The Senate had an Executive session.

On Saturday the Senate did not sit. In the House, the General Appropriation bill was discussed, several southern gentlemen replied to Mr. Adams—among them Mr. Campbell and Mr. Botts; but as 12 o'clock Mr. Botts, of Maryland, moved that the Committee rise, which motion prevailed.

Mr. Linn, of New York, withdrew his motion to strike out the appropriation for the Mexican Minister.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, withdrew his to strike out or reduce the appropriations for the Russian and Austrian Ministers one half.

Some unessential amendments were then proposed, some of them proposed being adopted, and others being rejected.

The items belonging to the Post Office Department were next gone through with, some reductions were made, which appropriated four millions and seven hundred thousand dollars were disposed of.

A score of amendments were proposed and rejected. When no more was offered, the Committee was relieved and the Bill came on the House.

The amendments in Committee were first read, and in part adopted.

Complicated amendments were next voted upon, and the House had but time to consider two of these before the adjournment. Both of these, however, were negatived, and had the effect to leave the Bill as it came from many of the Executive Departments shall be done by contract, and so far as may be in the city of Washington.

The House adjourned over Monday and four o'clock, to dispose of the Bill on Monday.

In consequence of the death on Sunday, of the Hon. J. Lawrence, a member of the House of Representatives, was transacted on Monday. Mr. Irwin in the House, and Mr. Buchanan in the Senate, paid tribute to the character of the deceased.

On Tuesday no business was transacted, both Houses being engaged in the election of a Senator to succeed Mr. J. Lawrence to the grave. The President, Cabinet, Diplomatic ministers, officers of the army, all the public functionaries, and a large concourse of citizens and strangers joined in the procession.

Appropriations to Navy Yards.

From a document first printed by order of the Senate, since the 4th of March, 1841, the following sums were made for the several Navy Yards from 1833 to 1841, inclusive: Portsmouth, $590,325; Boston $668,579; New York $450,250; Philadelphia $1,000,000; Gosport $918,950; Norfolk $795,950; Pensacola $332,100; making in the aggregate, $5,755,180. Philadelphia, which turns out the best ships in the world, and has the best steamships, and whose mechanics are acknowledged to be the best in the Union, and whose work passes the best, has had the least to do of all other stations. While Congress is economizing, would it not be as well to pay attention to this fact? Your economy would dictate that work should be done where it can be accomplished the best and cheapest.

Fancy Bank.

The Rhode Island Bank Commissioners have made a partial examination into the affairs of the Bank, and ascertained that the public cannot lose any thing by it. The capital is $50,000; the circulation $11,800, for which the private property of the stock-holders is holden to the government of Mount Lebanon who are to be placed under the protection of Mustapha Pasha, who was divinely named Seraskier of Syria. The same journal adds, under date Constantinople, that it had been resolved in the Sheraton to supersede Ismet Mehemet at the post of Grand Vizier. He had, it appears, discontinued the great declaration of the empire, by his dismissal from office, and employed the Ambassadors by his haughty and cavalier manners. The Sultan had at first but his eyes on Khosrew Pasha for his successor, but the latter being avowedly devoted to Russia, it was considered that this elevation to that office might give umbrage to some of the European Powers, and the idea was abandoned.

On the 8th, Rats Pasha (Grand Marshal of the Palace) and Hussein Pasha (the celebrated leader of the Cavalry of the Guard) sailed in an Austrian steamer for Constantinople, through a country, in itself one of the richest commissioner, but in reality to offer the dignity of Grand Vizier to Akif Pasha, who have lived there since his exile from Constantinople. Akif belongs to the Moderate party; he is a friend of Khosrew, and a declared enemy of Ketchelif Pasha. In 1837 he was Minister for Foreign Affairs. Halil Pasha would, it was believed, succeeded Mustapha Pasha, the new Seraskier of Syria, in the War Department.

France.

The only news of moment from France announces the illness of the King from a dropsy, which, at his age may prove fatal.

Spain.

The accounts from Madrid are to the 23d instant. The estimated revenue for the present year had been presented to the Chambers. From this it is made to appear that the receipts in 1841 will exceed those of the preceding year by nearly 50 millions of reals. The total revenue is estimated at 811,230,651 reals, equal to about $40,000,000. The deficiency is provided for would, however, nearly swallow up the revenue.

Egypt.

Letters by the Levant mail state that Mehemet Ali had returned to Cairo. His health was beginning to be impaired by the fatigues of his journey in Upper Egypt. He had embarked for the wine, spices, and skin merchandise, and permitted the caravans to bring their goods as far as the Nile, at Boulacs of Cairo. The treaty concluded with the Pachs for the transit of merchandize to India had been put in force.

Holland and Belgium.

Our accounts from Belgium include the intelligence of the conclusion of the trial of the prisoners charged with treason during the months of August, September, and October last, consigned together to overthrow or change the Government, the order of succession to the throne, and to excite the people to take arms against the royal authority. The result was a verdict of guilty as regarded General Vandersmissen, Baron Vandersmissen, and Du Coudray, who are regarded Vergaert and Vanbuthsen, but only by a majority of seven votes against five; and a verdict of acquittal as regarded Vanderstraeten, Joseph Lecocq, Vanderstraeten, (brother of Baron,) Maldere Vandersmissen, (wife of the Baron,) and Pargal. De Coden, Lecocq, and Pargal only on one count, was declared by the jury not guilty on another.

The Court then pass a judgment, by which Vandersmissen, Vanderstraeten, and Vanderstraeten were condemned to suffer death on one of the public places of Brussels. The prisoners listened to their sentence in perfect composure. It is supposed that the sentence will not be carried into execution.

Greece.

Accounts from Athens state, that warlike preparations were still making in Greece, and that all the disposable forces were being marched to the frontiers, above which the Turks were said to have already collected a force of 100,000 men. It was feared that actual hostilities would soon commence.

Russia and Circassia.

According to the last advices from St. Petersburg, intelligence had been received that the Circassians had taken advantage of the sickness of the Russian troops in the roads in the Russian territory beyond the Kuban and Caucasus. A body of those mountaineers, 8000 strong, had penetrated into the Russian lines, had totally surprised the town and fortress of Kiffar in the Caucasus, put the garrison to the sword, plundered, and carried off as prisoners a number of its inhabitants.

Portugal.

LISBON, MARCH 17.—On the 16th Her Majesty gave birth to an infant Prince.

Accounts from Oporto are very discouraging. Complaints of the suspension of commerce are universal, and nothing short of a general break down of the mercantile community is apprehended. English as well as nationals are suffering from this state of things.

The recent ministerial crisis had terminated in the Queen agreeing to the demands of the Minister in favor of the Chiefs of the Oporto movement.

Varieties.

Corn has advanced to per quarter.

English funds are improving. In cotton, prices remain steady.

The Duke of Norfolk died on the 16th ult. in St. James's Square, London. Charles, the celebrated composer, died in Paris on the 15th ult. Sir George Arthur, it is said, will be the new Governor of Bombay.

At the time of the last accounts, Mr. O'Connell progress to defend his seat for Cork with a zeal as if he feared for the result.

On the 21st ult. the boiler of the steamer Telegraph burst, just after the steamer had left Glasgow, and eight or nine persons were killed and many wounded by the accident.

The Specialist announces the death of the Earl of Munster, the eldest son of the late king, by committing suicide.

The House of Lords adjourned on the 23d ult. to April 25th, and the House of Commons on the 26th of the same day, and was to meet again April 4, when Sir Robert Peel's financial measures would be brought forward.

The Steamer Acadia arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 25th ult. having made the passage from Halifax in 9 days and 9 hours, and brought the first arrival of the Orkland.

Large numbers are about to emigrate to America.

Awful Disaster.

Explosion of the Steamboat Motora at Baltimore—Awful loss of Life—Fifty Persons Killed.

One of the most terrible disasters that ever occurred in Baltimore took place on Thursday the 14th instant, by the explosion of the steamboat Motora. The Motora was a new boat, and was intended for a line between that city and Norfolk. She was about starting on an excursion to North Point, with a view of testing her efficacy, and a vast number of influential citizens, stockholders, and others were on board to witness her performance. The whole had only made the second revolution in order to back the boat from the wharf, when the boiler exploded with a loud noise, carrying upwards a considerable portion of the upper deck and those upon it, and blowing the smoke stacks high into the air. The lower deck and the hull of the boat, and the portions of the boat around the boiler were torn to pieces. The boiler was an immense one of iron, was thrown crosswise on the deck.

The boat was instantly enveloped in a cloud of steam, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying filled the air. In sequences, while others suffered externally in their persons from its effects. The boat immediately settled in the water until her hull rested in the bottom of the river.

In the center and forward part of the boat there was a fearful destruction of life and limbs. Some of those on board were blown high in the air and fell on shore, in the water, and on the boats lying near by. Others were thrown into the water, and were rescued by the gallant exertions of the engineers and citizens; others scalded with the steam; while those below the decks, not having the slightest chance, were suffocated by the steam or drowned when the boat sank.

When we reached the scene, says the Sun, we found a most distressing state of confusion, among whom were several physicians, busily engaged in endeavoring to assist the injured, and carrying away those who were dead or dying.

It is impossible to account, with accuracy, for the cause of the explosion. The editor of the Baltimore Sun says, in the Saturday's paper.

We had a conversation with Mr. Watchman yesterday morning; he states that the boiler of the Motora was three inches in thickness and was tested two hours with 30 inches of steam; and on Wednesday it was tested to the same with 15 inches of steam. At about three minutes before the explosion, Mr. Wentchman tried the water gauge-cock and found that there was water in the boiler, and that it was working well.

The engineer and asked him how the steam was; the engineer replied that there was 75 inches.

This was, of course, considered perfectly safe; indeed the thought of danger for a moment was entertained. Mr. Watchman walked off and immediately the explosion took place. His only conclusion is that the men were anxious to display the qualities of the boat, and succeeded so unexpectedly that they; he says that such an explosion could scarcely have been effected with less than an expensive force of 60 lb. steam. The boiler is torn like a piece of pasteboard, and the braces and the strong bulk-heads were completely carried away. The boiler had no vent-low and all, but was tested by the violence of the steam directly adverse ships.

We have also conversed with Daniel Stevens, one of the accidents in the engine-room, and he says that on relaying the steam and water-gauge both, at the instant of the explosion. He says the third water gauge was fixed, showing no abundance of water, and the index of the steam was certainly 75 inches. He is confident, however, that the boiler could not have exploded with that force, and attributes the accident to a bad or false gauge of the steam—its technical name we know not—or to the fact that it had been connected with by some engineer.

A gentleman who was passing along the head of the basin, at the moment of the explosion, and whose attention was attracted by describes the same as another loud nor sharp, but as if some heavy material had fallen with a dead sound from a great height. There appeared also to be a few slight explosions, as if from smaller vessels. There being but one boiler, the sound of three explosions were most likely produced by the boiler striking itself with and breaking the other on the ground.

Those who were on the upper deck, aft of the engine, escaped entirely from effects of the explosion, and in the consternation which the explosion caused, several of them, this side from the stairs, jumped overboard, and one of them is among the lost drowned. Another great cause of the loss of life, was the sudden sinking of the boat. The sides of the boat, around the boilers, having been blown away, and the weight of the boat, about sixty feet from the wharf, the water reaching to near the upper deck. The steamboat Constitution was lying along side of the Motora, and Capt. Stone the Master, and Captain Chaffee, who was standing on the Constitution's wharf, immediately had the steamer backed, and drove several feet on the deck of his boat. The hats of many of those on the aft of the Motora, were blown off, by the current of air caused by the sudden expansion of the steam.

Many on board, and who were in dangerous positions, had almost miraculous escapes. One of the hands had occasion, a moment before the explosion, to go into the pantry, and wanting something behind the door, he shut it at the moment the boiler burst, by which he escaped unhurt. Had the door remained open, he would have encountered the whole volume of steam, and been either so dreadfully scalded.

The funerals of the victims were unusually solemn. The Sun, of Saturday, says: Yesterday afternoon, the bodies of George Esty and Robert Doyle, two of the persons killed by the explosion of the Motora, were interred in the Methodist burying ground on Light street, Fell's end Hill, the Rev. Mr. Guest officiating on this occasion. The deep interest excited by the disastrous occurrence was the cause that the funerals were attended by the present to Light street of about ten thousand persons, of all ages and both sexes, merely as spectators of the funeral procession, which was the largest that has taken place for several thousand persons. The deceased were both members of the Washington Fire Company and in addition to their personal friends, immediate relatives and near connections, they were attended to the grave by thirteen fire companies, the members of which, on very short notice, turned out in large numbers, most of them with banners, and accompanied by a band of music, together with the members of the United States recruiting party, under Sergeant Twist."

As far as we have been able to learn, there have been twenty-one deaths, viz: John C. Meade and his son William, John Vickers, John Young, John Leverett, Henry Frisch, John B. Brown, John Burns, John Harper, Wm. Lewis, George Geddes, James Lewes, S. W. Hackney, James Mitchell, James Kemp, Andrew F. Henderson, George Esty, Richard Linthicum, Robert Doyle, Thomas Eldridge, Francis McLear, Duncan Ferguson, and Geo. Hyde; John Haley, a German, native of Strasburg, John Wagner, an Irishman, on Fell's Point; John Yeager, Engineer of Lazzalle Factory; Jackson Reeder, machinist, Federal Hill; John Mitchell, Federal Hill.

The number of persons on board was 82. Of them, as has been seen, twenty nine are dead, one is missing, forty were wounded, many of whom still remain in dangerous state, and 15 were uninjured.

The Inquest.—An inquest was held to inquire into the cause of the accident. By the united testimony of the witnesses, it was shown that the boiler of the Motora was one of the strongest kind and best workmanship known to any of them.

That there was plenty of water in the boiler, and that, in the opinion of all, the explosion was caused by the valve, by some person unknown, and who was probably unaware of the consequences.

The verdict of the jury was, that the accident was occasioned by raising the steam too high, and greatly above the gauge intended to be used in the ordinary use of said machinery in vessel of said steamer. Whether this excess was owing to carelessness, or tampering with the safety valve, the jury cannot ascertain.

This melancholy event has filled Baltimore with mourning. Since the loss of the Lexington, we have not had to record a more distressing catastrophe.

Some facts have come to the knowledge of the Baltimore Sun, which explain the cause of the disaster to the Motora. Joseph Tice Longdon, the engineer of the steamer, by removing the weight on the lever of the safety-valve to its further extremity, and then putting on additional weight; and the Sun learns that the engineer in charge of his during no, was ignorant of the fact, although he had been employed in the boat for some time. Those conditions, if established as true, will go to confirm the testimony of Mr. Brown and others, taken at the inquest, touching the great strength of the boiler.

Awful Conflagration.

Our town was visited on the morning of 14th inst. has been the scene of one of the most desolating fires that it has ever been our lot to witness! It commenced in the extensive Chair Factory of Mr. Lee, and raged with day-light, consuming the most beautiful and business part of Columbia! *Twenty-nine* stores and dwellings, with numerous outbuildings are in ruins, and the buildings comprise the most valuable property in town. The loss in buildings and goods cannot fall much short of $500,000! It is said to have originated in the blacksmith shop in the rear of Mr. Henry Davis carriage shop on the Main street, and extended with a fearful rapidity. The Augusta Insurance and Banking Company will probably sustain the greatest loss. A small proportion is insured in the Ætna Insurance Company of this State, and the Augusta Insurance and Trust Company.

The Exploring Expedition.

The Washington correspondent of the N. York Advertiser, says that despatches have been received by Government from the Exploring Expedition, the contents of which have not officially transpired, but it is intimated that the searches and surveys made on the Northwest coast are of such value as will more than compensate the nation for the whole cost of the expedition. It is generated that this refers to the whole light which will be thrown upon our title to the whole Northwest coast, from the 49th degree of latitude to the Southern boundary of the Russian claim. By the way, it has been said that great disputes have been done to our officers in the service by reason of Ross's discoveries, by the concealment of the fact that he was guided to the point where those discoveries commenced by the charts of Commodore Wilkes.

Five Counterfeits.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Hartford, Connecticut.—All signed W. Adams, Cashier, not worthless.

Citizens' Bank, Worcester, Mass.—5's spurious, signed S. Allen, Cashier.

Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, S. Y.—10's letter C, A. G. Allen, Cashier. All so signed are worthless.

Freeman's Bank, Augusta, Me.—

5's } Altered from broken Citizens' Bank, Augusta,
10's } Me. Signed S. G. Langdon, Cashier.

Meriden Bank, Meriden, Ct.—All notes purporting to be issued by this Bank, signed W. Adams, Cashier, are spurious.

Death of Bishop England.

This eminent divine, long the head of the Catholic church in the United States, died at Charleston, on the 11th inst., in the 56th year of his age. His illness had been long and painful, but he preserved his faculties to the last. He was a native of Ireland none of that real as the cause of his church which had so distinguished his life. He was a man of rare talents, of various learning, eloquent public speaker, and capable of adorning the walks of private and meriting the consequences of public duty.

Fire and Loss of Life.

On Tuesday night last a fire broke out in the dwelling mansion, belonging to Isaac Wood, Esq., in Haddonfield, N. J., was consumed by fire, and one of his servants, a girl, lost her life. The girl was a very old one, having been built in the year 1720, by a maiden lady, who had all the materials for its construction brought from England.

Drawback.

The Canal Commissioners have determined to allow a drawback of $6 on each passenger in the Express Line boats between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, when the through price is not over $18; and $14 on such passenger in the Pioneer line, when the price is not over $9.

General News.

☞ A band of robbers have been lately discovered at Johnstown, Cumbria County, in this State, consisting of a number of young men, some of whom had joined the church as on trial, to their cruelty. Several of them have been arrested, and gave bail for their appearance, and the remainder have made themselves quite scarce. The days of Rinaldo Rinaldini are about to be restored.

☞ The defences of the harbor of New York are now undergoing several repair and improvement, under the superintendence of Gen. Wool, of the U. S. Army. Upwards of two hundred guns have been mounted in the several forts since during the last week, and in a few days their number will be increased to four hundred.

☞ The ship Majestic, of New York, was lost on the coast of France, near Boulogne, on the 10th of January last. Out of sixteen persons on board the crew, but five were saved, the captain and two mates were among the number who unfortunately perished.

☞ A deputation of Friends from Baltimore and Philadelphia last week had a consultation with the Chief of the Tuscaroonda, Buffalo Creek and Cattaraugus reservations, and the result was a fair prospect for a compromise of the late controversy.

☞ The Pottsville Emporium mentions a case of a rabid cat without brought, which did considerable mischief, having bitten a child, a dog, and a cat, all of which have been confined in a wire coal screen, and died since.

☞ The Committee on Military Affairs have reported in favor of the Commissioner appointed to examine the Camp Equipage, belonging to the government, to the proposed encampment of volunteers near Baltimore.

☞ The St. Louis Era says—The steamer Gen. Brooke, just arrived from Pittsburg, brought a large house, destined for Charlton, Mo. containing 17,650 feet lumber, all prepared for putting up when landed.

☞ Several British regiments in Canada, have been ordered back to England, where the demands for troops for the East India service, have caused a considerable drain upon the regiments at home.

☞ The number of bodies thrown on the coast of France, from Bologne to Dunkirk, in consequence of the late storm, is very great, says the Courier de Nord, to one hundred and fifty.

☞ A vessel in New York is taking in cargo of raw cotton for China. It is laid in at 5 and 6 cents a pound. The vessel will take India cotton since the British operations against China.

☞ The Anniversary Procession of the Fire Department of Mobile, Alabama, which took place on the 22d inst., is represented as far surpassing any display of previous celebrations.

☞ A *dead* and dumb lady and gentleman were recently married at New Orleans. They will have a quiet house of it—especially if the babies take after their quiet parents.

☞ Lewis N. Cornell, Esq., of Philadelphia, has been appointed Receiver of the Morris Canal Company their entire works. They will go into operation the 1st of May.

☞ John Row, and two other Cherokee chiefs, together with Row's son and daughter, passed through Louisville, Ky., on the 13th instant, on their way to Washington.

☞ The Columbus (Georgian) Enquirer states that on the 16th a party of forty Creeks have left that city armed and equipped to join the Texan army.

☞ Upwards of $16,000 of the money robbed from the bank of Tuscumbeccha, Ia., has been recovered. Two of the robbers are in custody.

☞ The project of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, at Panama, is engaging the particular attention of Count Survilliers, in London.

☞ The New York Corporation have about a thousand officers under their control, besides the expenditure of something like $1,000,000.

☞ The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston have resolved to license no person to sell spirituous liquors the ensuing year.

☞ The packet ship are now laden and ready for passengers for Europe; as they are perfected generally to the steamers.

☞ A person has been indicted for a libel in Baltimore for sending to a newspaper a false account of a marriage.

☞ The Police of London numbered on the 1st of January, 1842, four thousand, four hundred and fourteen.

☞ The African Colonization Convention will be held in the City of Washington on the 5th of May next.

☞ From all sections of the country, we hear of the promising appearance of the crops.

☞ The Loan Bill has received the President's signature, and has become a law.

☞ Mr. Blanchard, the Bank officer, tried at Boston, has been acquitted.

☞ The Mormons have ten churches in the New England States.

ARRIVAL
Of the Britannia.

Just as we were going to press, we received intelligence of the arrival of the steamer Britannia, at Boston, on Wednesday morning, bringing three days later news. This was brought by the Great Western. The only important intelligence is that brought by the overland route from India for April. It gives a full account of the

Massacre at Cabool.

The news from India is to the end of January, according to which it appears that after the death of the British Envoy, negotiations were resumed by Mr. Jacob Pottinger, and a convention agreed on for the evacuation by the British forces of Jellalabad, Ghuznee, Cabool, and Candahar; that in pursuance thereof, the troops, to the number of 10,000, set out, and were, in treacherous violence of the treaty, all murdered. The Afghans were close enraged. Gen. Sale has refused to surrender Jellalabad, and is prepared for a vigorous defence. Gen. Pollock, with 15,000 men, is advancing to his relief.

It will be remembered that all *authorized travelling agents, are provided with a certificate of agency*, signed by Mr. Wright Vice President of the U. S. *College of Health*. Therefore, therefore, who offer Indian Vegetable Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as *impostors*, and all persons cautioned not to buy of them, and to inform on the sales of the boxes, thus; Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills (Counterfeit) of the North American College of Health. If therefore the name of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills is not blown in the Government seal on it all is not *right*, and *purchasers should beware*.

OFFICES devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine of the North American College of Health, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 114 Fremont street, Boston.

N. B. Beware of all travelling agents.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending April 23rd, 1842.

		Price sold for.
53 shares United States Bank,		
30 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.		10½
43 do. Girard Bank,		10
43 do. Mec. and Mechanics Bank,		20
15 do. do. Bank,		20
15 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.		23
5 do. Commercial Bank,		20
5 do. Northern Liberties Bank,		16
5 do. do. do.		16
5 do. Philadelphia Bank,		21
5 do. Penn Bank,		20
$10,000 United States Bank Notes,		Sixty discount.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10@12	Lime, per bush.	10@12½
Veal, do.	6@8	Lemons, 1 peck, Sicily	50@62½
Do. Corned,	5@6	Do. Yankee, per qt.	6@8
Veal,	5@7	Wheat	$1@$1
Mutton,	5@6	Rye,	60@62½
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5@6	Tuh,	16@18
Do. Salt,	5@6	Corn,	50@56
Hams, Jersey,	10@12½	Scrapple, per lb.	5@6
Do.	12½@14	Sausage,	10@12½
Beef, Dried,	10@12½	Sausage, do.	10@12½
Do. Smoked,	10@12½	Spare Ribs,	6@8
Pigs' Feet,	10@12½	Tripe, per lb.	5@6
Pigs' Ears,	10@12½	Turkeys,	10@12½
Chickens, per doz.	50@75	Geese, per lb.	6@8
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	3c 4	Ducks, per pair,	50@62½
Sausages, per lb.	10@12½	Pigeons, per pair,	12½@18
Beets, bunch,	3c 4	Rabbits,	12½@18
Turnips, per peck,	3c 4	Partridges,	37½@50
Do.	3c 4	Do.	12½@18
Turkeys,	10@12½	Scrapple, per lb.	5c 6
Geese,	50@62½	Do.	5c 6
Chickens, fresh, pair,	37½@50	Do.	5c 6
Pigeons, per pair,	12½@18	Do.	5c 6
Ducks, do.	50@62½	Do.	5c 6
Fresh Shad,	10@25	Do.	5c 6
Fresh Herring,	10@25	Do.	5c 6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	12½	Do.	5c 6
Do.	10@12½	Do.	5c 6
Do.	10@12½	Do.	5c 6
Eels,	12½	Do.	5c 6
Oysters, per qt.	12½	Do.	5c 6
Do.	12½	Do.	5c 6
Do.	12½	Do.	5c 6
Perch, wing,	10@12½	Do.	5c 6
Do.	10@12½	Do.	5c 6
Terrapins, doz.	$9@$	Do.	5c 6

Potatoes are selling at 50 to 62½ a single bushel. Tomatoes and Lettuce must be poor now.

Married.

On the 19th inst. at the residence of H. Cobb, Hempstead, Long Island, New York, PHILIP A. ASPINWALL, of this city, to HELEN MARY COBB.

On the 19th inst. at the residence of Mr. GEO. S. BARNARD, of Plymouth, April 20 inst., by Mr. MAYO MCLEAN, aged 32 years.

On the 19th inst. at St. James Arcangel, on Schuylkill, by the Rev. Wm. Rodney, Thomas Cornish, Jr. to Miss MARY PAULINA, daughter of Lewis Peterson, Esq. all of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Thos. F. Lanahan, WM. BOSLEY, to ELIZABETH WYNKOOP, daughter of Hon. Wilson Lee, Esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Neville, WALTER F. LODE, to SARAH JANE UPTON, both of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the morning of the 18th inst. Mr. E. DAVIS, to Miss ANN MARIA BOWMAN.

On Thursday, the 14th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Wyer, Mr. JAMES PAULIN, late of Lewes, Del. to ANNE E. BARNEY, daughter of the late Wm. R. Barney, of Baltimore.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hammond, Mr. CHARLES H. L. to Miss LUCRETIA MARIA, all of the city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, Jesse H. Lippincott, to Miss ELIZA ANN, daughter of Joseph Jones, all of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Loughridge, JAMES RAY, to ROSA MCWILLIAMS, both of Montgomery co.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Alexander Proudfit, D. Norris, to Miss MARY CHEESMAN, both of Southwark.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Loughridge, Mr. JOHN NORRIS, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Mr. Thomas A. Maguire, of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Andrew Sartuse, to Amanda Melissa Boyles.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hemphill, Mr. CORNELIUS KANE, to Miss FRANCES ENDERSBEE, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Charles Reed, Jesse Thompson, of Baltimore, to MARY P. JACKSON, daughter of M. Jackson, of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hemphill, Mr. BENJAMIN W. LOW, to Miss MARIA DUNCAN, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hemphill, Mr. JOHN R. NEWBOLD, to Miss MARIA TOWNSEND, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hemphill, Mr. JAMES OWENS, to Miss CATHARINE M. DUNKERSON, both of this city.

In St. Paul, on Sunday morning, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ravenscroft, Mr. JOHN MCCLOSKEY, to Miss ANN, daughter of Mr. Thomas Leiper.

In La Fayette county, Missouri, on the 14th of February, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES, to Miss ELIZA, daughter of Bullard of Kaw, Gooseneck Missouri, on Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Leiper.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Robert Adair, Isaac S. Satterthwaite, of Bucks county, to REBECCA M. Dungan, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. G. Higgins, Mr. JESSE PRICE, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hand.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hemphill, Mr. JAMES BARRY, to Miss HANNAH HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Patton, Mr. JOHN C. SMITH, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hand.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Patton, Mr. JAMES

OUR MESS.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARTING.

From motives of delicacy towards Miss Bellew, I did not call that day at the Rooneys. For many months, such an omission on my part had never occurred. Accordingly, when O'Grady returned at night to the castle, he laughingly told me that the house was in half-mourning. Paul sat moodily over his wine, scarce lifting his head, and looking, what he himself called, nonsuited. Mrs. Paul, whose grief was always in the active mood, sobbed, hiccupped, gulped, and waved her arms as if she had lost a near relative. Miss Bellew did not appear at all, and Phil discovered that she had written home that morning, requesting her father to send for her without loss of time. "The affair, as you see," continued O'Grady, "has turned out ill for all parties. Dudley has lost his post, you your mistress, and I my money: a pretty good illustration how much mischief a mere fool can at any moment make in society."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I mounted my horse to ride over to Stephen's Green. As I passed slowly along Dame-street, my attention was called to a large placard which, in front of a house opposite the lower castle gate, had attracted a considerable crowd around it. I was spared the necessity of stopping to read, by the hoarse shout of a ragged ruffian, who elbowed his way through the mob, carrying on one arm a mass of printed handbills, the other hand he held beside his mouth, to aid the energy of his declamation. "Here's the full and true account," cried he, "of the bloody and melancholy duel that tuk place yesterday morning in the Phaynix Park, between Lord Dudley de Vere and Mr. Hinton, two aides-decamp to his Grace the Lord Liftinint, wid all the particulars, for one ha'penny."

"Here's the whole correspondence between the castle [illegible]

CHAPTER XV.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVI.

A MORNING IN TOWN.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EVENING IN TOWN.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CONFIDENCE.

[illegible]

Rolling Wheat in the Spring.

[illegible]

Editorial Remarks—Rolling and Harrowing Wheat.

[illegible]